THREE GOOD DOGS.

Every dog has his day; some dogs have two days; one, the short span of canine life, the other, the more enduring existence of fame. M. Emile Richebourg has just collected a number of the latter into an amusing volume, entitled "Histoire des Chiens Célèbres." Some publisher, doubtless, will soon give this, entire, to the public in an English dress; meanwhile, we introduce our readers to three only of his celebrated dogs.

Bandjarra is the name of a race of people who, although few in number, are met with all over India. Dealing in corn, they travel much from place to place. Their resources are very limited, and their temporary dwellings of the simplest construction. On a plot of ground a few feet square, in the midst of a forest, and generally on an eminence, the Bandjarra settler fixes his residence during a portion of the year. Sacks full of wheat, covered with skins, constitute the walls of his mansion; other skins, suspended from branches, form a roof which imperfectly keeps out wind and rain. Beneath this tent are herded the oxen, which are the Bandjarra's principal wealth. His dog keeps ceaseless watch outside. The Bandjarra dog is not remarkable for any external grace or beauty; but it would be difficult to find a creature gifted with greater courage, keener instinct, ofirmer attachment to his master.

A Bandjarra of the name of Dabi happened crequire the loan of a thousand rupees with which to undertake a speculative journey. All the persons to whom he applied, having little faith in his promise, met the request with a refusal. He had a dog called Bheirou, which he loved better than he could tell. After long hesitation, he resolved to offer this dog as a pledge. His first attempts were unavailing, but he found at last a rich merchant named Dhyaram who accepted the conditions. Dabi promised to return within a year. He bade adieu to Bheirou, commanding him by words and signs to remain faithful during that period to his temporary master. The dog did his duty in every respect; but more than a twelve-month elapsed, and yet no news came of Dabi. The merchant began to believe that he was cheated, and to repent of his overcredulity. At that time the Bandjarra country was much infested by thieves. One dark night the household was suddenly aroused by Bheirou's violent and angry barking. Dhyaram got up. A band of robbers were trying to force their way into his dwelling. Before he had time to set about repulsing them, Bheirou had attacked a couple of the gang. He threw them down and tore them. A third advanced to strike Dhyaram; the dog seized him by the throat, and the master killed him. This beginning did not encourage the rest; they took to flight. Dhyaram, whose life had been saved by the bravery even more than by the vigilance of Bheirou, manifested his gratitude by all sorts of caresses; and considering the debt to be paid with interest, he tried to make the good creature unddrstand that he was no longer a hostage, but free to rejoin his master. Bheirou—and this is the wonderful part of the story—shook his head mournfully, to indicate that a mere verbal order like this, given to him alone, would not excuse him in Dabi's eyes. But at last Dhyaram succeeded in persuading him; and after taking an affectionate leave, he made him set off in the direction by which Dabi ought to return.

Now Dabi, whose affairs had detained him beyond the appointed term, was collecting the money to discharge the debt, at a few leagues' distance from his creditor's house. All at once, perceiving Bheirou running to meet him, unattended, he turned pale, believing that the dog had stolen away from Dhyaram's custody, thereby compromising his word of honor. In a fit of rage, heedless of the dog's caresses, he drew his sabre and killed him on the spot.

A few minutes afterwards, to his bitter grief, he found tied to Bheirou's neck a quittance for the thousand rupees signed by the merchant, together with a letter relating the dog's exploits. Inconsolable for his fatal error, Dabi devoted the money to the erection of a monument on the spot where the bloody deed occurred. The people of the neighborhood still point out this monument to travellers, which is known by the name of Koukarry-Gaou. They also believe that earth taken from Bheirou's grave is a sovereign remedy for the bite of mad dogs.

Our second dog had his troubles too, but of a less tragic kind. He was a spaniel, and his name was Cabriole. His master, the Comte de Brevonne's chef, or man-cook, had brought him up from a puppy, paying particular attention to his fetching and carrying. Cabriole would catch a half-franc piece in the air, and take it to the person named to him, often residing at a considerable distance. When an errand had to be done, he took the basket in his mouth, and went for tobacco, coffee, sugar, cheese, or any other article of daily use which happened to be required in an emergency. Why send a dog, and not a servant? For this good reason. The comte's château is five miles distant from Langres, the nearest market-town. A servant would take three hours to go there and back, and make his purchases; the dog, when encouraged to exert himself, did it in three-quarters of an hour. The dog knew all the tradesmen; a card in the basket mentioned what was wanted; and one tradesman sent him on to the next.

One Friday, more unlucky than the rest of Fridays, four persons called at the château. They were asked to stop and dine; the invitation was accepted, and the cook was ordered to prepare a suitable meagre dinner. It was four in the afternoon, and the unfortunate chief had nothing, absolutely nothing, except kidney beans and lentils. How could he compose a "suitable" dinner with that? His hair almost lifted his cap from his head. "If I had only a little fish!" he groaned, banging his saucepans about in despair. "But I haven't so much as a red herring. Here, Cabriole, you must help me out of this mess." Cabriole took the basket and his orders, and darted away from the château like an arrow. In twenty minutes he reached the town. The fishwoman to whom he proudly presented himself, glanced at the card, and took six handsome eels out of a tub of water. That the cook might have no doubt of their freshness, she refrained from killing them, merely tying them in a napkin, and putting them into the basket strong and alive. Cabriole thanked her with a thoughtless wag of his tail, and immediately set off on his way back home.

Poor innocent dog! He thought that his charge would be as easy to carry as a pound of coffee. For a while the eels lay quiet enough; but, having their doubts, perhaps, respecting the object of their journey, their heads were soon peeping out of the basket. Cabriole perceived it. Surprised, but not intimidated, he growled and snarled and shook the basket, to make them keep still. The move succeeded; but before long the eels again felt a wish to look about them. This time he set the basket down, and drove them back into it with strokes of his paw. Once more they lay quiet for a minute or two, allowing him to proceed on his journey homeward. But eels are as restless as they are slippery. Not content with looking out, they crawled out, and were making their escape. Cabriole, in a rage, set the basket down, picked them up one by one, and returned them to the basket. As fast as he did so, out they crept again; until, losing patience, he killed them, each and several, by a sharp bit applied to the nape of the neck. He then put them into the basket, and set off for the château at railway speed.

But all this required time. The cook, getting fidgety, had sent forward one of his assistants to see what was the cause of the delay; and to this witness we are indebted for the correct knowledge of what occurred. Cabriole was duly praised and petted; but from that day forth he loathed the sight of fish. If the word "eel" were pronounced in his presence, he ran away and hid himself for two or three days.

Our third canine friend was a military dog. During the first French Empire, every regiment had its dog, whose intelligence, thanks to the soldiers' care, was improved by education and discipline. The Grand Army's dogs were picked up almost everywhere, except in England. They had been recruited in Poland, in Prussia, in Holland, in Saxony, and in Flanders. They were mongrel mastiffs, hounds, Danish dogs, spaniels. But no matter whence they came, they soon turned French. Foreign dogs were naturalized without knowing it.

Rugen is an island in the Baltic Sea, opposite to Stralsund, on the coast of Pomerania. Fortified both by nature and by art, its situation is exceedingly strong. In time of peace, in consequence of its fertile soil, its salubrious air, and its mild climate, Rugen is a delightful retreat. In time of war, it is an important post, a natural citadel, a formidable fortress, whose possession has been purchased at the expense of many a bloody fight. During the campaign of 1807 this island was comprised in the sphere of operations by the corps commanded by Marshal Davoust, and was occupied by an infantry regiment of the line, and by several companies of sappers and miners. The regiment, of course, had a dog—a black and white poodle—named Capucin—not because he was born in a Capuchins' convent in Italy (which would have been a quite sufficient reason), but in allusion to the copper or iron rings by which a gun barrel is fastened to its stock. The dog's short bark might perhaps have been thought to resemble the snappish report of a musket.

In consequence of a change in the plan of operations ordered by Napoleon the First, the island had to be suddenly evacuated, to carry out a movement in retreat abandoning the whole line of the Pomeranian coast. Every post, every man, was withdrawn; but in such a hasty way that they forgot an advanced sentinel perched on the top of a hillock which commanded the entrance of the port of Rugen. This sentinel was a young soldier named Firmin Bonard, who had scarcely been three years in the service. At present, a soldier who has served three years is considered quite a veteran; at that time, troopers who could reckon three, five, seven, and even nine years of service, were still called conscripts. Now, Bonard the soldier and Capucin the dog happened to be particularly good friends, bound by the strongest ties of mutual attachment.

The corporal of the post had planted Firmin as sentinel on the hillock exactly at midnight. The latter, therefore, calculated on being relieved at two in the morning, and also that from two till five he would have three good hours to doze and slumber in the corps-de-garde. So Firmin Bonard beguiled the time by anticipating this supreme indulgence, also by thoughts of his village steeple, of his aged curé's ancient housekeeper, of the haystack where he used to play at hide-and-seek, and sundry other recollections. In this way the minutes slipped slowly by, and the two hours' guard were drawing to a close.

All at once he heard a slight noise. He listened. "It is the corporal coming to relieve guard," he thought, and prepared to utter the formal "Qui vive?" But the sound, which resembled that of human footsteps, was soon followed by complete silence. "I couldn't be mistaken!" he said to himself. "Besides, my time must now be up." He listened again, still more attentively. Almost immediately, he heard the barking of a dog, which came running forward in his direction. On recognizing Capucin's voice, the sentinel looked round him anxiously. Perceiving nothing which threatened an attack, he wondered what could be the meaning of this nocturnal visit. Before he had time to consider the matter, the animal had climbed the hill and was jumping up his legs. "It's you, Capucin. Very good. You got tired of waiting there; and I am tired of standing here. The air is keen, and I am terribly sleepy. You should have brought the corporal with you. His watch must have stopped. He ought to sell it for old iron and buy a new one.,'

Capucin's answer was a frenzied bark and a series of mad leaps around his friend.

"I understand," said Firmin, smiling. "You are asking me to dance to warm myself. It's a pity you are not provided with the password and a musket."

Capucin continued to bark, running right and left like a creature possessed. Finding all these manœuvres useless, he ran up to the soldier, pulled him by the coat, and tried hard to pull him away, renewing his efforts with such violence as to tear the soldier's uniform. Firmin, considering this a proof of affection more troublesome than pleasant, lost his temper and gave poor Capucin a kick. The dog, howling at finding himself so cruelly maltreated and misunderstood, retreated to a few paces' distance, but soon returned, heedless of his friend's unkind treatment. All he did now was to look forgiveness and lick the soldier's hands.

"Be quiet, will you, and take yourself off?" said Firmin, harshly, as he threatened him with the butt of his gun, to drive him away. Capucin, finding he could do no good, unwillingly made up his mind to depart. He arrived just in time to go on board with the last detachment of the corps.

At four o'clock he began to lose patience. Discipline forbade his quitting the post; but hunger, which drives the wolf out of the wood, compelled him to forget the Code Militaire. He left his station, and went to the guard-house, muttering to himself: "If anybody deserves to be shot for this, it is not I, but the corporal, who doesn't know his business, and keeps a sentinel on guard six hours at a time."

In the guard-house, not a creature! The only supposition he could form was, that the regiment had gone to occupy another part of the island. He shouldered his gun and stalked off across the country in search of the regiment. On the way, he fell in with a farmer ploughing a field. "Can you tell me," he asked him, "in which direction the French have marched?"

"They are gone away," was the startling reply. "They embarked at two this morning, stepping lightly and without uttering a word, in consequence of an order received from the Emperor."

"Gone away, leaving me behind! I shall be reported as a deserter! Confound the corporal; he has been my ruin. I now understand what poor Capucin meant. It is not the death I fear, so much as the disgrace."

"Don't take on in that way," said the farmer, in a consolatory tone of voice. "Shrieking never set a broken bone. Stay here, and make the best of a bad business. If the French come back again, I can prove that it was no fault of yours."

"My good man, you don't know the severity of our rules."

"They will not punish you for a crime you have not committed. Meanwhile, you cannot live on air. You probably were brought up in the country, and are accustomed to do country work?"

"Certainly. I can plough, for instance."

"The very thing for me. I can offer you good board and lodging, with a small weekly payment into the bargain. It will be the best thing you can do, under the circumstances." The soldier heaved a heavy sigh, and slowly gazed all round the horizon, to see whether any of the ships were still visible. Beholding nothing, he said, at last, "I thankfully accept your offer."

"Good!" said the farmer, Peter Baxen. "Come and breakfast at once. We will go on with the ploughing afterwards."

At Baxen's farm the soldier-ploughman had plenty of opportunities of proving his capacity. He found such favor in the farmer's eyes—and in other people's too—that Baxen determined to try and keep him for good and all.

"My worthy fellow," he said one day, "I look upon you almost as a son."

"If my poor old father," Firmin answered, "were not anxiously awaiting my return to France, I would willingly remain in Rugen."

"You can bring him back with you, the next time you go to France. But what I want to say to you now, concerns my daughter."

Firman colored up to the eyes.

"Unless I am much mistaken, you and she are very good friends."

Firmin uttered a few unintelligible words.

"The neighbors even say you are in love with her."

"I assure you I never uttered a word which could lead her to suppose that——"

"I know it; and for that very reason I took upon myself to tell her that, if you had no objection, she might have you for her husband."

"And she said——?"

"Not a word; but she threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me for a quarter of an hour." A fortnight afterwards Firmin Bonard was married to the fair-haired Clarissa, Peter Baxen's only daughter.

Four years then elapsed, pretty equally divided between love and labor. His thoughts occasionally reverted to France, but he had almost forgotten his compulsory desertion. The past soon fades from our memory when the present is satisfactory and the future promising.

One morning, the look-out man in the town of Rugen signalled a fleet of ships in the offing. They were men-of-war, carrying the French flag. "The French are coming!" people shouted to each other. "They are going to land!"

Firmin Bonard heard it. "The French are coming!" rang in his ears like the boom of an alarm-gun. It told him that he was a lost man. Nevertheless, a thought struck him which relieved his heart by a glimmer of hope.

He ran home, put on his uniform, seized his arms, and mounted guard on the very spot where, five years before, he had been unintentionally abandoned. Meanwhile, boats full of soldiers rowed towards the hillock. In the forepart of one of the boats was a black and white poodle. As it approached the beach, the creature barked with joy. In spite of his anxiety, Firmin's eyes filled with tears as he recognized his old friend Capucin. The dog, unable to master his impatience, jumped into the sea and swam to shore.

As soon as the boats had come within earshot, Firmin "made ready," and shouted at the top of his voice, "Qui vive?"

"Qui vive, yourself?" said the occupants of the first boat, which was filled with officers, composing Marshal Davoust's staff. "Who are you? And what are you doing here?"

"I am a sentinel, keeping guard."

"A pretty sentinel! How long have you been on guard?"

"Five years."

"It is time to come down, then," shouted the officers, laughing.

When Firmin descended from his hill, Capucin ran to meet him half way, barking with joy, and jumping into his arms.

"Poor Capucin! Have it all your own way this time. Do whatever you like. Dirty me, tear my clothes; I shan't send you away. I ought to have made a better return for your attempt to serve me."

Followed by the faithful dog, Firmin joined his former comrades. He gave a plain account of what had happened. By a lucky chance, the corporal, who had forgotten him, and who had since been promoted, belonged to Marshal Davoust's staff. He received his old comrade with open arms. Firmin, in return, invited his countrymen to the farm, where he entertained them with liberal hospitality. The adventure reached Marshal Davoust's ears. He laughed at Firmin's stratagem, and presented him with a discharge drawn up in due form. "I should not like the brave fellow," he said, "to appear before a court-martial, after having kept guard so long."

Firmin continued a farmer. He had a large family, who at present fill the highest and most important offices in the Island. They are commonly known as the Sentinel's Family. When the French finally left Rugen, Capucin remained. Like his master, he forgot his military tastes, and devoted himself exclusively to farming.—*All the Year Round.*

GOVERNMENT SALES.

SALE OF NAVY VESSELS.
BUREAU OF CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIR,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 10, 1867.

The Navy Department will offer at public auction the following named vessels:—
AT THE UNITED STATES NAVY YARD, NEW YORK, ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, AT 12 O'CLOCK M.
The NORTH CAROLINA—2633 tons, a sailing vessel, live oak, heavily copper fastened.
The RHODE ISLAND—1517 tons, side-wheel steamer.
The AUGUSTA—1310 tons, side-wheel steamer.
The MASSACHUSETTS—1155 tons, screw steamer.
The ESTRELLA—438 tons, iron side-wheel steamer.
The DUMBARTON—636 tons, iron side-wheel steamer.
The TAHOMA—507 tons, screw gunboat.
Together with the following side-wheel steamers of similar construction, all copper fastened, viz:—
WYALUSING—974 tons.
SONOMA—974 tons.
PONTIAC—974 tons.
OSCEOLA—974 tons.
PAWTUXET—974 tons.
MATTABESETT—974 tons.
MASSASOIT—974 tons.
EUTAW—975 tons.
CONNEMAUGH—955 tons.
TIOGA—819 tons.

AT THE UNITED STATES NAVY YARD, PHILADELPHIA, ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, AT 12 O'CLOCK M.
The FLORIDA—1261 tons, side-wheel steamer.
The HORNET—820 tons, iron side-wheel steamer.
The BOXER—444 tons, iron side-wheel steamer.
Together with the following side-wheel steamers, of similar construction, all copper fastened, viz.:—
METACOMET—974 tons.
SASSACUS—974 tons.
CHENANGO—974 tons.
MENDOTA—974 tons.
MINGO—974 tons.
MACKINAW—974 tons.
GENESEE—803 tons.
The Florida and Mackinaw can be examined at the Navy Yard, and the others at League Island.

AT THE U. S. NAVY YARD, BOSTON, MASS., ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, AT 12 O'CLOCK M.
The BIENVILLE—1558 tons, side-wheel steamer.
The JOHN ADAMS—700 tons, sailing sloop-of-war, live-oak, copper-fastened.
The VINCENNES—700 tons, sailing sloop-of-war, live oak, copper fastened.

AT THE U. S. NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, D. C., ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, AT 12 O'CLOCK M.
The TALLAPOOSA—974 tons, side-wheel steamer.
The CHICOPEE—974 tons, hull only.
The PRESTON—Small steamer, hull only.

AT THE UNITED STATES NAVY YARD, NORFOLK, VA., ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, AT 12 O'CLOCK M.
The AGAWAN—974 tons, side-wheel steamer.
The TEXAS—captured Rebel ram.
The COLUMBIA—captured Rebel ram.
These vessels and their inventories can be examined at any time, on application to the commandants of the respective Navy Yards.
Twenty per centum of the amount of the purchase money must be deposited the day of the sale, and the remainder must be paid and the vessel removed from the Navy Yard within two weeks from the day of sale. 9 12 thst10t

LARGE SALE OF PUBLIC PROPERTY.
DEPOT OF ARMY CLOTHING AND EQUIPAGE,
JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Sept. 7, 1867.
Will be sold, at public auction, at the Clothing Warehouses (hospital grounds) in this city, on TUESDAY, the 1st day of October next, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., the following articles of ARMY CLOTHING and EQUIPAGE:

177,108	Woollen Blankets.	10,593	Trowers, mounted.
36,111	Uniform Coats.	75,000	Trowsers, Foot-man's.
10,202	Uniform Coats, irregular.	23,170	pairs Bootees, M. S.
5,400	Uniform Jackets.	3,800	pairs Bootees, M. S., rubber soles.
11,777	V. R. Corps Jackets.	28,000	pairs Brogans.
58,76	Kepi Jackets.	181	pairs Boots.
20,000	Sacks Coats, lined.	5,000	Shirts.
21,000	Sacks Coats, unlined	300	Drawers.
28,732	Great Coats, Infantry.	49,457	Cap Covers.
17,303	Great Coats, mounted.	265	Capes.
		75	Hats.
		1,241	Knapsacks.

Also, a quantity of various other articles of clothing and equipage.
Samples can be seen at the depot within ten days of sale, and catalogues will be furnished.
Terms—Cash, in Government funds.
By order of the Quartermaster-General.
G. A. HULL,
9 11 16t Captain and M. S. K., U. S. Army.

SALE OF SLOOP YACHT GENERAL HANCOCK.
ASSISTANT QUARMASTER'S OFFICE,
U. S. ARMY,
PHILDELPHIA, Sept. 23, 1867.
Will be sold at public auction, on account of the United States, at the Hanover Street Wharf, Philadelphia, on TUESDAY, October 1st, at 11 o'clock A. M., the fast sailing sloop yacht General Hancock, together with her entire outfit, built by Albertson & Brothers, at Philadelphia, in 1866.
The vessel can be examined daily at the Hanover Street Wharf, from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.
The vessel must be removed within five (5) days from day of sale.
Terms—Cash, in Government funds.
F. J. CRILLY,
9 23 7t Byt. Col. and A. Q. M. U. S. Army.